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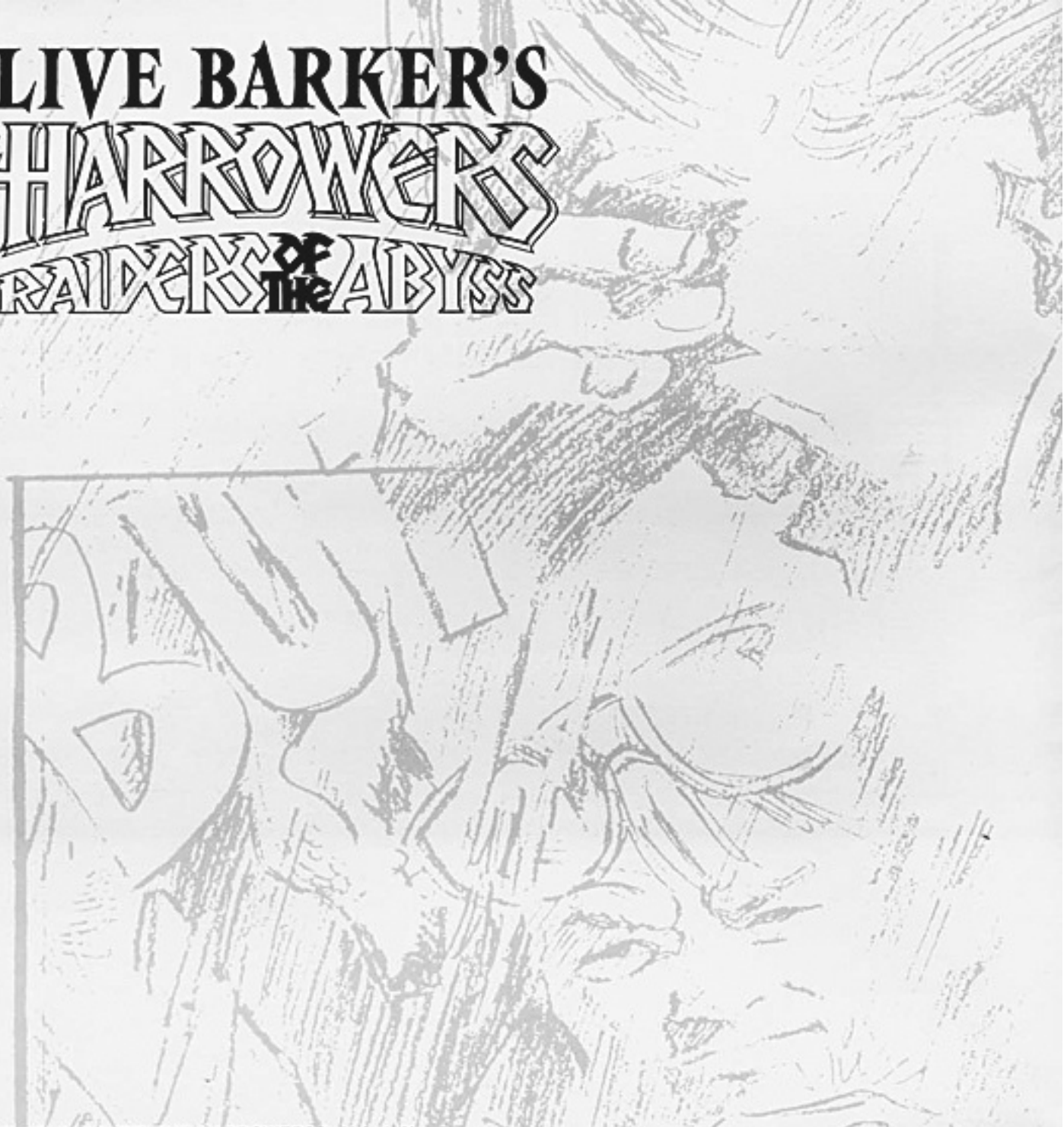

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IMMORTAL LONGINGS

PART ONE

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DUBLIN MORSE, HARROWER EXTRAORDINAIRE, HAS NEVER FELT MORE INTENSE PAIN IN HIS LIFE.
WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO HIM?!
HOW HAD HE GOTTEN HERE?!
WHAP
ONE AT A TIME HIS FINGERS BROKE WITH THE POP OF A PARTY FAVOR AS WOODEN SPIKES SMASHED DOWN BETWEEN THEM.
TOO MUCH. DUBLIN WAS LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS...
OR REGAINING IT.
JUST A DREAM...
YEEEOOOWW!
MUST'VE SLEPT ON IT.
OH MAN--SEEMED SO REAL.
QUIT DENYING IT--JERK--
--SEEMED REAL, BECAUSE IT WAS REAL.
I'M NOT MY BROTHER'S KEEPER...
ONLY PERSON I LOOK OUT FOR IS ME--ME AND MR. JACK.

CHRISTMAS IN MANHATTAN--
--SANTAS ON EVERY CORNER, LAST MINUTE PRESENT SHOPPING, THE SMELL OF STREET VENDORS ROASTING CHESTNUTS...
LAMAR JOHNSON LOVES IT ALL.
ON THE FIFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME...
M34 CROSSTOWN
HEY MISTER! WATCH OUT!
BEEEEEEEEEEP
SKREEE
YA' CALLING TO ME, YOUNG MAN? CAN'T HEAR YOU WITH MY HEADPHONES ON.

TWELVE HOURS AGO, TIMMY LEWIS WAS RESCUED FROM HELL BY THE HARROWERS.
GET OUTTA THE WAY!
NOW ONLY MOMENTS AWAY FROM THE TRANSMUTATION OF HIS SOUL, HE IS ABOUT TO WITNESS A TRAGEDY...
...AND PARTICIPATE IN A MIRACLE.
NO PULSE.. COME ON TIMMY— 'FRAID THERE'S NOT MUCH ANYONE CAN DO NOW.
WE GOT A D.B. HERE. BUS SMACKED HIM REAL GOOD.*
TIMMY! WHAT THE--
* DEAD BODY. --MIKE
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU, BOY?

WUMP
UUUGGGGHHHHH
I CALLED OUT, BUT I WASN'T LOUD ENOUGH.
I ALWAYS SCREW THINGS UP.
NOT YOUR FAULT, KID. NOW LET'S GO.
WHERE'D HE GO?!
BLOOP
WHERE'D HE GO?!

THE KID JUST DISAPPEARED!
SPLAT
LOOKED LIKE A HOMELESS BOY--
YOU KNOW HOW CRAFTY THEY CAN BE.
SHUT UP, LADY!
I DON'T NEED TO SEE THIS!
WELL, YOU WERE THERE, RON— WHAT DID HAPPEN?
I THOUGHT GAGE WAS WATCHING HIM. ALL OF A SUDDEN TIMMY WAS OUT IN THE STREET HOLDING THIS DEAD GUY IN HIS LAP, THEN...
...THEN HE JUST KINDA MELTED LIKE BUTTER IN A FRY PAN.
WE SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD HIM OUT ON THE STREET WITH HIS TIME SO CLOSE TO BEIN' UP.
I THOUGHT THE PEOPLE WE RESCUED FROM HELL WERE SUPPOSED TO BE REBORN OR TRANS-FORMED OR SOMETHIN'.
RON-- YOU THINK YOU MIGHT WIPE OFF THE LO MEIN SPLATTERED ON THE TELLY?
PERHAPS HE TURNED INTO SOMETHING SO SMALL THAT YOU JUST COULDN'T SEE HIM.
WE WERE GONNA PLAY CHECKERS.
NO. BUT I MIGHT SPLATTER SOME MORE ON THAT SMUG LITTLE FACE OF YOURS IF YOU KEEP ACTING LIKE MY MOTHER.

I SAW RON STEP ON A ROACH-- MAYBE IT WAS TIMMY !
I HAVE HAD IT WITH YOU !
WEEEEEEAAAA!
UH-OH SPAGETTI-OS !
ZING !
INSTINCTIVELY GAGE USES A POWER BESTOWED ON HIM BY THE GODDESS-- FIRST SEEING THROUGH HIS KITTEN'S EYES, THEN INSTANTANEOUSLY CHANGES PLACES WITH IT.
FHFT
RON, ARE YOU CRAZY ?
WHAT THE... ON TV! IT'S THAT GUY !
WHISH
MEEEEOOOOOW!

IT'S THE DEAD GUY TIMMY WAS HOLDING... BUT HE'S ALIVE!
...ARE YOU KIDDING? A BROKEN ARM'S NOT GONNA KEEP ME FROM THE OPENING OF MY NEW HOUSE FOR RUN-AWAYS.
I GOT A FAMILY OF 60 KIDS TO LOOK AFTER.
THAT'S WHERE TIMMY'S SOUL WENT!
LAMAR JOHNSON. A REAL HERO OF OUR TIME.
THERE IT IS--WE'VE SEEN THE WHOLE CYCLE NOW.
YA SAVED HIM, THE GODDESS PURGED HIM, HE GOT A DRY AS HIS OLD SELF, THEN HE TRANSFORMED TO HIS NEW LIFE.
NOW YOU APOLOGIZE, HONEY!
GAGE--SORRY I GOT MAD.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED.
WHEN THAT NICE MAN DIED AND HIS SOUL LEFT HIS BODY, TIMMY'S SOUL TOOK ITS PLACE TO KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.
WELL DONE, YOU TWO. BRAVING HELL ON YOUR OWN AND SUCH.
CERTAINLY NOT OUR STYLE. FORTUNE COOKIE, ANYONE?
ODD. I'VE ONLY GOT HALF A MESSAGE.
Your services are needed
AND I'VE GOT THE OTHER HALF ... LOOKS LIKE MORTE MAMME SPIKED THE COOKIES.
to save a sovereign soul
FORGET THAT! I'M OPENING ANOTHER.
ONE OF THOSE SOUL KEYS.
I DON'T WANT THIS!
THEN GIVE IT TO ME!
FINE, TAKE IT!
GOOD LUCK DOWN THERE!
BUT AN ASSIGNMENT FROM A GODDESS CANNOT BE SO EASILY DISMISSED.
THE SMELL OF ROSES AND VANILLA SEEP FROM BENEATH THE DOOR.

STEP THROUGH THIS DOOR AND I'LL BITE OFF YOUR PRETTY HEADS.
EEEEEEEK!
SIS--RUN! IT'S SOMETHING FROM HELL!
NO IT ISN'T-- CAN'T YOU FEEL IT? IT'S THE GODDESS... MORTE MAMME!
SILENCE!

I'VE NO MORE PATIENCE WITH YOU. PERFORM THIS RESCUE, OR SUFFER MY WRATH.
THE CHOICE IS YOURS.
OH, MORTE MAMME! WE DIDN'T KNOW THAT KEY WAS FROM YOU!
YES WE DID-- IT'S NO USE LYING-- BUT WE'RE SO SCARED OF THOSE CENOBITES.
PLEASE-- THEY'LL CATCH US AND MURDER US.
THEN YOU'D RATHER DIE NOW?
HEY, MORTE MAMME! LET ME GO!
YOU HAVEN'T SENT ME ON NOTHIN' YET!
NICE ONE, GODDESS. THAT JUST DID ME IN WITH THE OTHERS.
EARN BACK THEIR TRUST, VERA-- AS YOU MUST MINE.
HOW WILL WE KNOW WHAT TO DO?
SPEAK AGAIN TO ME IN THAT TONE, VERA WYSHAK, AND THE TWINS WILL BE AIDED IN THEIR DECISION BY BEING PRIVY TO YOUR BEHEADING.
THE SORDIDNESS OF YOUR PAST PREVENTS ME FROM SENDING YOU YET.

LAUNCHING YOURSELVES FROM THE PROPER PLACE WOULD BE A GOOD START.
EVERY POINT IN HELL CORRESPONDS TO ONE IN THIS PLANE OF EXISTENCE.
GET AS CLOSE AS YOU CAN TO THE SOUL IN NEED OF RESCUE HERE BEFORE CROSSING OVER. THIS WILL KEEP YOUR TRAVELING IN THE DARK WORLD DOWN TO A MINIMUM.
REACH INTO MY MOUTH, LAVINIA.
SHOW TRUST IN THE BEAST THAT GUIDES YOU.
WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO GET OUT OF THIS... NOW I'M GONNA LOSE MY HAND!
THE GODDESS--SHE'S GONE!
ROCKETTES Rehearsal Schedule 5AM—11PM ROOM 203
ZZip
HEY, VERA--
I'LL TELL YOU MY SORDID PAST IF YOU TELL ME YOURS.
SHUT UP, DUBLIN!
MAYBE YOU BETTER FOLLOW HER, GAGE.
KEEP HER OUT OF TROUBLE.
GO AFTER HER, ZINC.
MEOW

ON A RAINY STREET-- DUBLIN MORSE STUMBLES ALONG IN A SWIRLING CHASM OF ALCOHOLIC OBLIVION...
...UNABLE TO FORGET MEMORIES OF PAIN HE'S NEVER FELT, TORTURES HE'S NEVER ENDURED.
BUTCHER
WHO ARE YOU?
ME IN THE FUTURE--
--OR MY BROTHER NOW?
BU
RYAN, MY TWIN-- I DON'T THINK I'VE GOT THE STRENGTH TO SAVE YOU...
BUT I KNOW I CAN'T GO ON WITHOUT TRYING.
NOBODY GETS MORE LONELY THAN HALF A TWIN.

BACKSTAGE, RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL:
ARMED ONLY WITH THEIR MAGIC ROPE, A KEY, AND THE NUMBER OF A DRESSING ROOM FOR THE ROCKETTES, THE TWINS MOVE BLINDLY FORWARD--
--TRYING HARD TO PUT THEIR TRUST IN A GODDESS FOR WHICH THEY FEEL ONLY FEAR.
NOTICE
REHEARSAL HOURS AS F
5
11
YOU THINK ONE OF THESE DANCERS IS MORTE MAMME?
WOULDN'T BE SURPRISING. HMMM--ROOM'S JUST A STORAGE PLACE FOR PROPS.
203
HELLO, WHAT'S WITH THE ROPE?
IT'S TWITCHING.
IT'S GUIDING US LIKE A DIVINING ROD.
LOOKS LIKE THE SPOT. LET'S DO IT.
THE ANCIENT CHANT UNLEASHES THE POWERS WOVEN INTO THE FIBERS OF THE GOLDEN ROPE AND A GATEWAY TO HELL APPEARS: A SWIRLING CHASM INTO OBLIVION.

WHY ARE WE DOING THIS?!
THIS IS SUICIDE! ALL THE OTHER HARRONERS HAVE WEAPONS -- WE JUST HAVE A ROPE!
MORTE MAMME WOULDN'T HAVE KILLED US -- SHE NEEDS US!
I'M NOT SO SURE.
I'M FEELING PRETTY DISPENSABLE THESE DAYS.
NOW QUIET! WE'RE ALMOST THERE...
-- WHEREVER THERE IS.

HELL'S PARALLAX TO ROCKETTE PROP ROOM # 203.
A MARBLE CHAMBER FILLED WITH ACCESSORIES FOR INDULGENCE AND TITILLATION.
TOOLS TO BE USED FOR HELL'S PLEASURE...AND MORTALS' PAIN.
OH MY! SOMEONE'S LIVING WELL.
LAVY--IS THERE ANY RULE ABOUT NOT TAKING THINGS WE LIKE BACK WITH US?
SSHHH! HERE COMES A CENOBITE!
'BOUT TIME WE GOT SOME NEW SLAVES.
GRAB A COUPLE OF FANS AND FOLLOW ME. THE QUEEN IS ABOUT TO WAKE.
LAVY--THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING TO FAN SOMEONE. IT'S JUST NOT IN ME.

LOOK-- HOW SENSUAL ! THIS REMINDS ME OF ANCIENT ROME !
OR THAT FUN PARTY IN AMSTERDAM.
LET'S GRAB THE CLOSEST SLAVE AND GET OUT OF HERE !
NO. WE CAN ONLY RESCUE WHO WE'VE BEEN SENT FOR.
OH, MARC ANTONY-- I AM FOR YOU ! ONLY FOR YOU !
WAKE UP QUEEN CLEOPATRA. QUIT LIVING IN THE PAST.

WHAT? YOU'RE NOT ANTONY..
HER SCREAMS TRIGGER A WEB OF CHAINS CONCEALED IN THE CANOPY OVERHEAD.
KLANK
HELP ME! WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHAT HAVE I DONE?
OH, THE SHAME TO HAVE BEEN KISSED BY AN UNWORTHY STRANGER.
ALLOW ME, FACE, HELL'S MASTER OF RECONFIGURATION, TO BE AT YOUR SERVICE, YOUR MAJESTY!
OH, TO BE VIOLATED BY THE SLOBBERINGS OF A COMMONER. HOW I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR MAJESTY.
ALLOW ME TO RECYCLE THIS UNWANTED FLESH.
NO! PLEASE-- LET ME GO!
WE'D BEST HURRY IF WE'RE GOING TO SAVE HIM.
HE'S NOT THE ONE.
LOOK--THE SCARAB DESIGN ON THE QUEEN'S SHACKLE MATCHES THE ONE ON THE KEY!

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, CLEOPATRA, SOUL #6453785537, HAS PERPETUALLY WOKEN FROM DREAMING OF HER BELOVED MARC ANTONY ONLY TO DISCOVER HERSELF PREY TO A PLEBEIAN'S KISSES.
OH DEATH, WHY DON'T YOU COME TO ME?
YOU TWO-- YOU NEW SLAVES, APPROACH!
THE DECAY OF HER FEATURES MERELY ADDS TO THE HUMILIATION OF ONE WHO USED TO BE THE MOST DESIRED WOMAN IN THE WORLD.
TAKE MY LIFE...
I COMMAND YOU!
MAGGOTS-- SHE MUST BE IN AGONY!
WE CAN HELP YOU-- BUT ONLY IF WE'RE ALONE.
CLAP!
MORTE MAMME HAS SENT US TO RESCUE YOU. SHE HAS THE POWER TO PURIFY YOUR SOUL...
...THEN TRANSFORM YOU INTO WHATEVER BEST FITS THE NATURE OF YOUR INNER SPIRIT.
THIS IS THE KEY.
I ACCEPT THIS FATE--
--IF I MAY BRING WITH ME THIS FLASK OF PERFUME.
MY QUEEN-- LOOK WHAT I'VE FASHIONED FROM YOUR UNWORTHY ADMIRER.
HE'LL BE FOREVER AT YOUR FEET WHERE HE BELONGS.
GAAAACKKK

PLACE HIM WITH THE OTHERS.
THESE TWO WILL MAKE A LOVELY SET OF END-TABLES.
THE GODDESS'S ROPE; I CAN'T CONTROL IT.
WHAT IMPUDENCE IS THIS?
SSSSHHKK
UPHOLSTERERS— TAKE THEM FOR IMMEDIATE ALTERATIONS.
OVID!
I'MMMM HERE!
READY TO MAKE A FEW ALLLLTERATIONS OF MY OWN!
CENOBITES THRIVE ON ORDER.
FOR THEM, THAT WHICH OPPOSES ORDER IS DISORIENTING.
LOVE...
...BUMPER CARS...
EEEEIIIEEE
GFAARRT
CLICK
FOOM
...A BABY'S FLATULENCE.
SIS-- DOESN'T IT MATTER THAT THIS ISN'T WHERE WE CAME IN?
PROBABLY-- BUT WHEREVER WE END UP IS BETTER THAN HERE.
BRING MY FLASK OF PERFUME!
DON'T WORRY, YOUR HIGHNESS, I'M THE SAME WITH MY FAVORITE SCENTS.

THE WINDOW BETWEEN HELL AND EARTH REMAINS OPEN BUT A MOMENT--
STOP THEM!
EEEEAAAAAHHH
LUCE-- QUICK! USE YOUR END OF THE ROPE TO TIE US ALL TOGETHER!
HOW WILL THAT HELP?
JUST DO IT!
WE'RE GONNA DIE!
BOTH OF YOU, GRAB MY HANDS!
IF WE CAN FORM A CIRCLE, WE CAN OPEN ANOTHER PORTAL!
GIVE ME MY FLASK!
I WANT IT IN MY HANDS BEFORE I PERISH!
OVID-- IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, TELL THE GODDESS THAT AT LEAST WE DIED TRYING.
THE SEAL OF CLEOPATRA'S FLASK BREAKS-- AND A SENTIENT BLUE FOG SEEPS FROM THE CRACK.

I KNOWWWW YOU TRIEDDDD.
SO DOES SHE.
THAT'SSSS WHY...
PHIT
YOU CANNNN TELL NERR THEMSELF...
SUCH GALLANTRY DESERVES ASSISTANCE.
SHEEGGH
YOU'RE IN SAFE HANDS NOW.
LUCINDA, YOU SHOULD PUT MORE TRUST IN YOUR TWIN. THE CIRCLE WOULD HAVE WORKED.
CLEOPATRA COMES OF HER OWN VOLITION?
YES. SHE DIDN'T NEED MUCH CONVINCING.
I'M TO BE REINCARNATED-- PERHAPS AS A GODDESS MYSELF?
I COULDN'T SAY.
I'VE ONLY THE POWER TO PLANT THE SEED OF CHANGE, NOT GROW IT.

YOU'VE TWELVE HOURS BACK AMONG MORTALS BEFORE YOUR TRANSFORMATION.
TREASURE THEM—THEY MAY BE YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY FOR PHYSICAL SENSATION.
THEN I CHARGE YOU: MAKE ME BEAUTIFUL AGAIN.
RETURN ME FOR A NIGHT, NOT A DAY--WEARING THE GOLDEN DRESS OF MY CORONATION.
WHAT A DEMANDING ★@!#!!
SHE'D BEST BE CAREFUL! MORTE MAMME DOESN'T TAKE KINDLY TO DEMANDS!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MY HARROWERS.
ROYALTY HAS EVEN LESS USE FOR HUMILITY THAN SPOILED CHILDREN OF WEALTH, SUCH AS YOURSELVES.
I FIND IT ENCOURAGING THAT YOU RECOGNIZE HOW UNATTRACTIVE IT IS.
FORGIVE ME, ONLY--I WISH TO INDULGE IN THAT WHICH HAS BEEN DENIED ME FOR SO VERY LONG.
WE'RE PRIVILEGED, NOT SPOILED--THERE'S A DIFFERENCE!
KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THE QUEEN. THERE ARE HIDDEN FOLDS IN THE FABRIC OF ONE SO GREAT.
DOWN IN ALPHABET CITY, ANOTHER CLOSE WATCH IS BEING KEPT-- ON VERA.
PADDY'S BAR
BAKERY
WHAT DO YA THINK, ZINC? SHE REALLY GOIN' SOMEWHERE, OR SHE JUST BLOWING OFF STEAM?

YOU GET WARM IN MY POCKET, BUDDY.
I'LL USE MY EYES FOR A WHILE.
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM...
...SELECTED BY A GODDESS SENSITIVE TO CULTURE SHOCK.
OH GODS OF ISA AND MAIZE, IN THE NAME OF LOVE, I CALL UPON YOUR AID IN RENOUNCING MY SPELL CAST SO LONG AGO.
WHAT'S SHE TALKING ABOUT?
HAVEN'T A CLUE.
SLAVE-GIRL, THE FLACK.
I'M NOT A SLAVE-GIRL--
--BUT ABOUT YOUR PERFUME, I MEANT TO TELL YOU THAT WHILE WE WERE FALLING--
SILENCE. STAND AWAY! YOU ARE OF NO IMPORTANCE TO ME NOW.
ANTONY- USING THE POWERS OF THE MELD-SOUL, I WILL TAKE THE SMOKE OF YOUR ESSENCE AND RETURN YOU TO YOUR VIRILE HUMAN FORM.
AT LAST MY LOVE, WE WILL BE REUNITED ONCE MORE!
BY THE FIVE-FOLD CONQUERERS OF GUO, I CHARGE THEE..

...SPIRIT OF MARC ANTONY, COME FORTH.
ANTONY?
YOU ARE ANGRY WITH ME, AND PUNISH ME WITH RETICENCE. FORGIVE MY ACTIONS--I HAD LITTLE CHOICE.
MY EMPIRE WAS CRUMBLING, AND MY ONLY ROUTE OF ESCAPE WAS THAT OF A MAGICAL BOX OFFERED TO ME BY A SLAVE.
I REDUCED YOU TO SPIRIT FOR WHAT I THOUGHT WOULD BE ONLY HOURS WHILE WE WERE SECRETED TO SAFETY.
INDEED THE BOX OPENED A SECRET DOOR, BUT ONE INTO A HELL FROM WHICH, UNTIL NOW, THERE WAS NO ESCAPE.
EMPTY?!
YIEEE
THAT'S WHAT MY SISTER WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU.
LUCINDA SAW SOME BLUE SMOKE LEAK OUT OF YOUR FLASK WHILE WE WERE FALLING.
THAT WAS MARC ANTONY?
YOU FOOLS! FIND HIM FOR ME!

IF NOT FOR ME, FOR ALL THE LIVES OF THOSE THAT WILL BE DESTROYED BY THE WARRIOR SPIRIT OF MY ANTONY.
HIS IMPRISONMENT HAS GORGED HIS RAGE, AND GIVEN HIM AN INSATIABLE APPETITE FOR VIOLENCE.
BE WARNED! IF HE FINDS HIS WAY INTO A PHYSICAL FORM--HE WILL BE UNSTOPPABLE!
AT THAT VERY MOMENT NEAR THE CORNER OF CENTRAL PARK SOUTH AND PARK AVENUE...
...A LIVING, BLUISH VAPOR WISPS AROUND A FOUNTAIN AND A MARBLE STATUE.

KABLAM
CHIPS OF STONE REPLACE THE SPRAY OF WATER.
THE MARBLE LEG BENDS AT THE KNEE--
IT'S A BOMB!
--THE SEVERED TORSO CROUCHES--
THEN LEAPS.
AAAAAHHH! IT'S ALIVE!
CRRUNNCHH
THE GROUND SHAKES WITH EACH STEP OF THE FEET OF STONE.
THE REBUILDING OF MARC ANTONY HAS BEGUN!

MEANWHILE—IN A BAR WHERE STREET GANGS REST UP BETWEEN MUGGINGS AND RAPES...
...VERA WYSHAK TAKES ON THREE THUGS IN A GAME OF EIGHT BALL.
SNOWMAN, RIGHT CORNER POCKET.
8
ZINC'S EYES GROW WIDE--
--AS GAGE'S MIND'S EYE PEERS THROUGH THE KITTEN'S EYES.
OH NO! SHE BET HER SACRED BOOMERANG AGAINST THAT BIG GUY'S GUN!
GET CLOSER, ZINC-- SHE'S GONNA NEED US!
BOY-- I WISH TAKIN' A GUN FROM A GORILLA...
KAK!

...WAS ALWAYS THIS EASY
SORRY, BOYS — BUT A BET'S A BET.
BLUNK
SOCK
HOLD HER STILL.
THAT'S RIGHT, THIS GUN BELONGS TO YOU NOW, FOR AS LONG AS YOU LIVE-- WHICH ADDS UP TO 'BOUT FIVE MORE SECONDS.
MY MISTAKE. YOU KEEP IT.
COME CLOSER, I WANNA APOLOGIZE.
AFTER I CLEAR MY THROAT!
DANG! FORGOT-- MY SALIVA DON'T BURN NOTHIN' BUT CENOBITES!
PTOOO
EEOWW
GET HIM OFF ME --YOU KNOW I'M ALLERGIC!

HOW ABOUT ME? YOU ALLERGIC TO ME?
YOU'D BE BAD AT CHICKEN FIGHTS!
VERA WON-- NOT YOU!
I HATE BAD LOSERS!
COPS! GAGE--DON'T LET THEM SEE ME!
GAGE LEADS THEM OUT A NEW EXIT--
--BUT NOT BEFORE ONE OF THE POLICE DOES GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE FACE OF VERA WYSHAK.
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
AFTER ALL THIS TIME...
...TO BE CONTINUED IN ISSUE #4.